I cleft his Beuer with a down-right blow:
Father, that this is true, behold his blood.
Mont. And brother, heeres the Earle of Wiltſhires blood,
Whom I encounter'd as the battailes ioyn'd.
Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.
Yorke. What is your Grace dead my Lord of Somerſet?
Norf. Such hope haue all the line of *Iohn* of *Gaunt*.
Rich. Thus do I hope to ſhape King *Henries* head.
War. And ſo do I victorious Prince of Yorke,
Before I ſee thee ſeated in that Throne,
Which now the houſe of Lancaſter vſurpes,
I vow by heauen, theſe eyes ſhall neuer cloſe.
This is the Palace of that fearefull King,
And that the regall chaire: Poſſeſſe it Yorke,
For this is thine, and not King *Henries* heyres.
York. Aſſiſt me then ſweet *Warwicke*, and I will:
For hither are we broken in by force.
Norf. Weell all aſſiſt thee, and he that flyes ſhall die.
York. Thankes gentle Norfolke. Stay by me my Lords,
And ſoldiers ſtay you heere, and lodge this night.
War. And when the King comes offer him no violence,
Vnleſſe he ſeeke to put vs out by force,
Rich. Arm'd as we be let's ſtay within this houſe.
War. The bloody Parliament ſhall this be call'd,
Vnleſſe *Plantagenet* Duke of Yorke be King,
And baſhfull *Henry* be depoſde, whoſe cowardiſe
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.
Yorke. Then leaue me not my Lords: for now I meane
To take poſſeſſion of my right.
War. Neither the King, nor him that loues him beſt,
The proudeſt bird that holds vp Lancaſter,
Dare ſtirre a wing, if *Warwicke* ſhake his bels.
Ile plant *Plantagenet*: and roote him out who dares?
Reſolue thee *Richard*, claime the Engliſh Crowne.
Enter king Henry the ſixt, with the D. of Exceſter, the Earle of Northumberland, the Earle of Weſtmerland, and Clifford the Earle of Cumberland, with red Roſes in their hats.

King.

King. Looke Lordings wh
Euen in the chaire of State: b
(Back'd by the power of *War*
To aſpire vnto the Crowne, a
Earle of Northumberland, he
And thine Clifford: and you b
On him, his ſonnes, his fauou
North. And if I be not, hea
Clif. The hope thereof, ma
Weſt. What? ſhall we ſuffe
My heart for anger breakes, I
King. Be patient gentle Ea
Clif. Patience is for Pultro
He durſt not ſit there had you
My gracious Lord, heere in t
Let vs aſſaile the family of Yo
North. Well haſt thou ſpok
King. O know you not the
And they haue troopes of ſou
Exet. But when the Duke i
King. Far be it from the tho
To make a ſhambles of the Pa
Coſen of Exeter, words, frow
Shal be the warres that Henry
Thou factious Duke of York
I am thy ſoueraigne.
Yorke. Thou art deceiu'd, I
Exet. For ſhame come dow
Yorke. Twas my inheritanc
Exet. Thy father was a Tra
War. Exeter thou art a Tra
In following this vſurping H
Clif. Whom ſhould he fol
War. True Clifford, and tha
King. And ſhall I ſtand whi
Yorke. Content thy ſelfe, i
War. Be Duke of Lancaſte

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBUR